Freedom's Frightened People

JOSEPH STOCKER
Phoenix, Arizona

SINCE IT is more or less expected of a speaker who is invited to deliver an address on a serious subject that he begin by telling a very unserious story, I make my bow to custom and herewith pass along the following story:

A Manhattan housewife wanted a maid for a small flat and went to an employment agency to make known her requirements. Next day an applicant was at her door. She was a girl newly arrived from Finland.

"Here," thought the housewife, gazing on the innocent countenance, "is a fresh, unspoiled creature—exactly what I want." But in answer to each question—"Can you cook? Can you scrub floors? Can you wait on tables? Can you sew?"—there came an emphatic shake of the head and an equally emphatic, "No!"

"Then what *can* you do?"

A broad grin crossed the Finnish girl's face and, in a tone of pride and triumph, she said, "I can milk reindeer."

I'm not even sure what bearing that has on the speech I'm about to make, unless it serves to convey somehow the feeling I have at having been invited to speak before you. What I mean to say is—I feel a trifle unqualified. I don't really know very much about the library business, or librarianship, or whatever it's called. I'm forever getting lost in the stacks, whilst bent on some kind of research for one or another piece of writing that I'm engaged in at the moment.

But, unqualified though I may be from a technical point of view to address a group of librarians, I can say that I feel thoroughly qualified on another score. For—and I say this in the presence of my wife, and with her full knowledge and consent—I have had a running love affair with libraries and librarians during most of my life. It began when I was a lad of ten or thereabouts, and a gentle, quiet, and introspective librarian named Ruth Brown, in the little town of Bartlesville, Oklahoma—of whom I shall have more to say in a few minutes—fed my insatiable hunger for the Mars books of Edgar Rice Burroughs, those wonderful precursors of our modern science fiction and television space operas. My love affair with libraries and librarians began then, and flourished with the years, and deepened even unto pure passion recently when Jane Hudgins mounted the dust jacket of my book on Arizona in a prominent place in her library, where the customers couldn't miss it, and kept it there, I suspect, long after she would have removed H. M. Marquand or Marcia Davenport.

I'm sure a great many people are devoted to libraries. But, unhappily, there are some who are not. Far from feeling gratitude for the presence in our society of free libraries—and I use the word "free" now in the sense of the spirit rather than in the sense of the pocketbook—these people look upon them with suspicion. Indeed, they look with suspicion upon anything and everything which is the evidence of the human intellect at work—books in general, magazines, movies, schools and school teachers and, of course, all scientists, particularly scientists named Oppenheimer.

These are the individuals I have in mind when I use the expression, "Freedom's Frightened People", and, of course, I'm not telling you anything you don't already know when I say that they consider libraries to be their particular pigeon. This onslaught against the freedom to read has been waged apace with other onslaughts against our freedoms—the freedom to speak, academic freedom, and so forth. But the freedom to read is surely the most basic of all. Before one can speak freely, one must have been able to inform himself freely, and that usually involves reading. For, as we like to say in the writing business, in the beginning there was the word. And so, in this weird and nervous era which we might call the pixielated 50's, the freedom to read has been continuously under attack from little minds filled with a nameless, formless fear.

A while ago I mentioned the name of Ruth Brown, the librarian in my home town of Bartlesville, Oklahoma. Ruth—or Miss Brown, as I respectfully addressed her during the years of my boyhood—can be considered as one of the first casualties of this onslaught against the freedom to read.

For many years—I'm not entirely sure how long—Ruth Brown presided over the library in my home town, and she became, as such people often do in communities of that type, a sort of local institution. I used her library, and the generation that followed me in Bartlesville used her library, and my sister even worked for her, during high school.

The years passed, and Ruth Brown stayed on, unnoticed and unsung, as librarians characteristically are. Then, three or four years ago, it happened, and Ruth Brown, one day the very personification of anonymity, found herself the central figure of a minor cause celebre—and not simply on the local level but on the national level. For Ruth Brown was summarily dismissed. Her crime was a heinous one, for her shelves were found to contain such clearly subversive literature as the *New Republic*, *Nation*, and other publications of that shadowy ilk. Moreover, Miss Brown had committed other grave offenses against the established order of things. She had been seen going to church accompanied by a Negro lady—or so I was told—and she had been seen sitting in a booth in a local drug store with a Negro lady—perhaps the same, perhaps another—it doesn't matter.

As I recall the story, the local vigilantes in Bartlesville, in order to get Miss Brown fired, first had to get the library board fired, because the library board was so short-sighted—nay, subversive—as to feel that Miss Brown had committed no particular sins. But the technicalities were quickly overcome, and Miss Brown was duly separated from her sensitive position. The American Civil Liberties Union took up her case, and ran it through to the state supreme court of Oklahoma, and lost, and the last I heard Ruth Brown, the librarian of my boyhood and a martyr to the insanity which has characterized the world of my manhood, was teaching school somewhere. [*Ed. Miss Brown is now librarian, The Public Library, Sterling, Colorado.*]

I wish I could write a happy ending to that story and say that, because of Ruth Brown's martyrdom, the forces of freedom rallied and vanquished the forces of medievalism. Well, they have rallied—that much we can say, and say thankfully. As a result of the Ruth Brown case and many other cases like it—indeed, as a result of the whole, great barrage laid down in recent years against our basic liberties by the know-nothings among us—the forces of freedom have closed ranks and fought back. But they haven't vanquished the forces of medievalism. McCarthy is kaput. But "Mc-

JOSEPH STOCKER

Born in Detroit, reared in Oklahoma, and graduated from the University of Oklahoma in 1935 with an A.B. in journalism and Phi Beta Kappa ("useful only for these biographical sketches"), Joseph Stocker began his journalistic career as political reporter on the "Oklahoma City Times." Captured by the U.S. Army in 1941, he spent some of his time putting out the "45th Division News" with Bill Mauldin. A stab at publicity work and editorial page editor of the now defunct "Arizona Times" carried Mr. Stocker into his present occupation—free lance writer. He has contributed non-fiction articles to many nationally featured periodicals and he is the author of one book "Arizona: A Guide to Easier Living" (Harper & Bros., N.Y., '55) Mr. Stocker, active in race relations work and Jewish anti-defamation work in Phoenix, gave this address at the Arizona State Library Association convention at the University of Arizona in 1955

Carthyism" as a movement and a state of mind still lives—a little abashed perhaps by the downfall of its symbol and father figure, but nonetheless vital. One of my favorite writers, the wise, whimsical and iconoclastic Milton Mayer, used these words, in a recent issue of *The Progressive*, to evaluate the point at which we now stand: "There's a pervasive feeling," he said, "that the domestic attack on our liberties has had a setback with the fall of McCarthy. People seem to be feeling better and stronger. That's good. That's great. But what, exactly, does it mean? Is it the dawn, or is it adjustment to the night? Do we make our way back, or do we congratulate ourselves—fatuously—on having been taken no further than we are?"

TIME FOR REVIEW

I think those are questions which are very apropos for this that we might call, for lack of better words, the post-McCarthy period in our history. Where *do* we stand? And how far have we been taken along the road to a dark age—American dark age, as it were? And can we come back? Now is the time for a sort of recapitulation—a sort of post-McCarthy recapitulation.

First, how much ground have we lost? I, for one, think we have lost a great deal of ground—a terrible quantity of ground—and, frankly, I don't know whether it's retrievable. I'm thinking now of the multitude of individual instances in which—in the holy name of anti-communism—men's liberties have been abridged: The Houston school administrator who was fired for being "controversial." The blackout imposed in the Los Angeles school system on the teaching of matters pertaining to UNESCO. The censoring of books in an Ohio library—until the order was rescinded following the intervention of the local newspaper. The intimidation of merchants in another Ohio city to remove UN flags from their window displays. The literal burning of books in an Oklahoma town—not *my* home town this time, but again my home state, of which as you might deduce, I could be considerably prouder than I am.

These, of course, are only a few of the instances wherein the cause of anti-communism—the touch-me-not of the 20th century—has been invoked to destroy—or attempt to destroy—those very things which have made our country worth defending against communism. Obviously I could cite a thousand more such instances. They come to my desk in the bulletins of the American Civil Liberties Union. And they come to yours in the newsletters of the Intellectual Freedom Committee of the American Library Association.

Most of the incidents I recited a few moments ago were enumerated in an article in *Look* magazine in September of 1954, titled "Is Fear Destroying Our Freedom?" I read the article and filed it away and subsequently, as McCarthy got his comeuppance and some of the rats crawled back into the woodwork, I hoped that we'd heard the last of such nonsense. I hoped—but I wasn't so sanguine as to think we'd heard the last of it. And, sure enough, it's still going on. Only the other day I read that a school teacher in Missouri was fired with the explanation that "There is no place in the public school system for an agnostic or an atheist." And now I see where the post office department has banned delivery of the Soviet dailies *Pravda* and *Izvestia* in the United States and, indeed, has been burning books and pamphlets by the ton, in its own quiet way—non-Communist pacifist propaganda as well as communist propaganda. And I note, with some pleasure, the acid comment of George F. Kennan, our former ambassador to Russia, in connection with the ban on *Pravda* and *Izvestia*: "Are there really people in our government who believe that our own political philosophy is so unconvincing, our attachment to it so weak, our youth so bewildered and gullible—and the outlook of our adversaries, on the other hand, so forceful, so logical, and so persuasive—that we must shield our people physically from every confrontation with Communist thought?"

And so, as you can see, these hysterical and nonsensical goings-on still continue, and, I fear, *will* continue. But what worries me is not the individual instances of suppression of free thought and expression but the cumulative, corrosive effect that all of them have had—and will have—on our society.

CORROSION

Already, I fear, there has been considerable corrosion, and the corrosion runs deep. Permit me to cite a few examples:

We accept now, as a permanent fixture in our political living room, the congressional inquisitional committees, with their continual prying into private lives and private beliefs. Once upon a time there was a sizable body of opinion in the United States which held that there was something inherently un-American about the Un-American Activities Committee and urged that the committee be done away with. Today few—if any—congressmen dare to oppose the huge appropriations proposed each year for the perpetuation of such groups. The best they can do—a few of them, anyway—is suggest meekly that the inquisitors should be more polite when they conduct their inquisitions, and, if they must abuse the basic rights of private citizens, at least abuse them less flagrantly.

We accept, as a permanent part of our law, a statute accomplishing that which the forces of know-nothingism have attempted to accomplish since the birth of our republic—but without success. Now they have succeeded, and we have a law which declares advocacy to be a crime and imposes punishment therefor. I refer to the Smith Act, and even as I do, I know I am committing a brand new heresy and may even get myself investigated. For the Smith Act has been tried and tested and upheld by our Supreme Court, and it has been effectively invoked to send a few dozen half-baked, emotionally-twisted, homegrown Communists to jail. But I still say that the Smith Act is a violation of freedom of speech and that, if it can be used to punish one who adheres to the tenets of the Communist Party, it may someday be used to punish those of us who adhere, for instance, to the tenets of the Democratic Party. In expressing this non-conformist and possibly subversive point of view, I am consoled by the thought that at least I am in good company. The American Civil Liberties Union believes as I do about the Smith Act, and the *New York Herald-Tribune* admires the American Civil Liberties Union. I am not suggesting via a highly devious syllogism, that the *New York Herald-Tribune* is also against the Smith Act. All I am suggesting is that I am among respectables, unrespectable though some of my opinions may seem.

MORE CORROSION

But to resume the inventory of our corrosions:

We accept, as a permanent political fixture, a government security system which penalizes originality, individuality, and imagination and places a premium on mediocrity, conformity, and orthodoxy. Again, as in the case of the un-American Activities Committee, there were some—quite a few in fact—who made so bold—at the time the security system was first instituted during the Truman administration—as to oppose it per se, or at least to oppose the manner in which it functioned. They contended, and with some reason, that it did more harm—by creating an atmosphere of fear, hysteria and suspicion—than it did good by catching the few subversives or potential subversives who might lurk within the government. Well, we've come a long way since then. The security system, and the undemocratic evils that it engenders, are embedded so deeply within the structure of our government that we take them pretty much for granted. In so doing, we give tacit consent to the aping of some of

Linda Jean Reinlein of Toledo, Ohio, is fascinated by the unusual portrait of Abraham Lincoln displayed in the public library. The picture, created in 1865 by W. H. Pratt of Davenport, Iowa, forms the background for a hand-written text of the "Emancipation Proclamation." The library showed the "New Colophon" reproduction of 1950. The original drawing by Mr. Pratt was lithographed by A. Hageboeck of Davenport

the more disagreeable aspects of that way of life which we abhor, which is communism. For the security system, as it is now practiced, is a leaf straight out of George Orwell. It is full of a kind of juridical double-think—the security version of such classic Orwellian concepts as "love is hate" and "peace is war." In this case, suspicion is conviction, and guilt is assumed until and unless innocence is proved. All of this constitutes an outrageous reversal of the accepted concepts of justice in America. And it means—and has meant—misery for literally thousands of innocent government workers.

I am thinking, for instance—just by way of a random example—of the Abraham Chasanow case. Chasanow was a veteran employee of the Navy Hydrographic office in Washington. He had been there for many years; then, suddenly, he was fired as a security risk. A shadow thus was cast over him, and his family, a shadow which would have marked them as pariahs for the rest of their days, had Chasanow not resorted to herculean measures, and obtained help from several influential organizations, to win vindication. As things turned out, the attack on Chasanow stemmed from a civic dispute in the little suburban community in which he lived, and stemmed also from more than a smidgin of anti-semitism. Such facts—plus the fact that Chasanow had a life-long reputation as a conservative—might easily have been gleaned by the government before he was fired—or without firing him. But the security system doesn't work that way. We fire first and ask questions afterward. Any tin-plate informer, malcontent, or neurotic can come in and make damning statements about a government employee, and suspension all too often follows. Then, for the employee, there comes the anguish of trying to clear himself, of trying to answer vague charges made by nameless informants, of trying to refute witnesses who cannot be compelled to appear, of trying to find the resources to hire legal assistance and wage his fight even while he continues to support his family—and all this without income, since his wages stopped when his job was taken from him. These, then, are some of the evil fruits of the security system—these plus the emotional trauma which any normally sensitive human being sustains when his reputation—his very future—hangs in the balance.

Are we catching any subversives with our security system? Well, I, for one, can't buy the massive and massively scary totals which the administration has been putting out as representing the numbers of security risks so far unearthed. After reading about a few of the cases—like the Chasanow case, and the case of the Air Force Reserve officer who was dismissed because his father was reading the wrong kind of newspaper and his sister was seeing the wrong kind of people—after reading about such cases as these, I'm inclined to think that maybe my definition of a security risk might differ a little from the government's definition. And I'm inclined further to question the government's definition when I read about a survey taken of some 400-odd security risk cases handled by Washington law firms and learn that 9 out of 10 of those people won their cases and were reinstated in their jobs. But what a wretched time they must have had before that finally happened.

I consider myself a kind of authority—even if a strictly second-hand authority—on security risk defendants, and what they go through, because one of my best friends is a security risk—or was so branded by the government when it unceremoniously detached him from his job some time ago. His principal crime, I gather, was being married, since the major count against him had to do with something that his wife did nine years ago, and, which, incidentally, had not the slightest taint of the subversive about it. But anyway, my friend was out of a job, and minus a salary, and having to dig down into what little savings he had to pay for his defense and vindication without being at all certain he could vindicate himself, since the government showed no disposition to let him confront the witnesses who said the nasty things about him in the first place. All of this plus the psychic travail that comes with the feeling that he has been placed beyond the pale of respectable society, without having committed any crime. My friend's case came to a hearing a short time ago and the outcome proved favorable.

I forgot to mention one thing. Included in the various complaints against my friend was the charge that he had undesirable literature in his home. He told me what the undesirable literature was—or was supposed to be—and I happen to know that it's to be found in most if not all of your libraries.

Another item in my inventory of corrosions: I have in mind now our serene acceptance of the fact that an individual who strayed into heresy 20 years ago, when heresy was considerably less unfashionable than it is now, must make public amends, confess his sins, prostrate himself before some committee or other and ask forgiveness before he can be allowed to rejoin the ranks of the respectables. He probably has changed his views completely since then—most of our heretics of the 1930's have done that. But he still must atone and purge himself in the arena and say his "mea culpas." And I get a little sick at my stomach when I read of some unhappy soul flagellating himself before one or another of our professional inquisitors, in the meek hope that now he may be permitted to go back to work for a television network or a movie studio, or some such.

I share Ben Hecht's views on this point. He expressed them in his wonderful autobiography, "A Child of the Century."

"For a human being to apologize for any ideas he may have sported with is to deny more than his American rights," said Hecht. "He denies his human rights. Americans who are guilty of flushes of anarchy, atheism or Karl Marx are guilty of nothing. Thinking, right or wrong, is the chief business of a human being. As we used to say, free speech is America's most priceless heritage."

"In my youth," Hecht goes on, "this last sentence was a cliche without which a politician could not get elected to anything, from dog catcher to President. Today it is a statement that, likely as not, can fetch a voter a small jail sentence."

Perhaps Mr. Hecht is overstating the case just a little. But then again, perhaps he isn't.

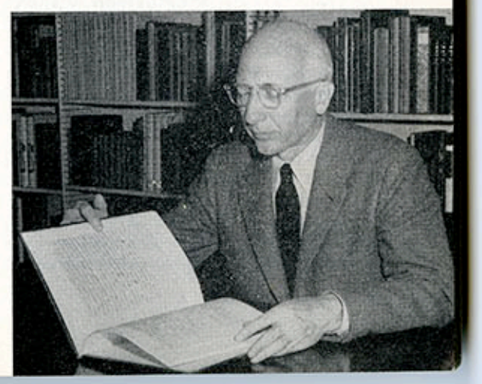
And now, finally, one more item in my inventory of corrosions: We have accepted it as foregone that anybody—mind you, anybody—who claims the privilege of the Fifth Amendment in a legislative inquiry is ipso facto suspect, or possibly worse. And our acceptance of that doubtful premise is so widespread that a state bar, as in California recently, can proclaim its intention to disbar any attorney who invokes the Fifth Amendment. Just like that. And, moreover, we can stand placidly by while the Congress, at the behest of our attorney general, distorts and twists the purpose of the Fifth Amendment by legislating ways and means by which a witness can be forced to testify against himself.

FIFTH AMENDMENT

In the light of these developments, I, for one, am a little comforted that we have in our country a man of the stature—and courage—of Dean Erwin N. Griswold of the Harvard Law School, who came forth recently to explain just where the Fifth Amendment fits it into our freedoms. Did you know (and I must confess I didn't) that the privilege against self-incrimination dates all the way back to the 12th century? "It was apparently standard practice," says Dean Griswold, "not only to make suspected persons give evidence against themselves, but also to use torture to make the accused speak. As we think of the development of the privilege, we should not overlook its close connection with the struggle to eliminate torture as a governmental practice."

Dean Griswold goes on: "I would suggest," he says, "that the privilege against self-incrimination is one of the great landmarks in man's struggle to make himself civilized. Its establishment is closely linked historically with the abolition of torture—the torture once used by honest and conscientious public servants as a means of obtaining information about crimes which could not otherwise be disclosed.

"We want none of that today, I am sure,"



Donald Coney, librarian, University of California Library, Berkeley, examining the famous letter written by Benjamin Franklin to Madame Helvétius. The manuscript is part of the 250th birthday anniversary exhibit and was loaned to the library by Mr. and Mrs. Perc S. Brown of Orinda, California

says Dean Griswold. "Neither torture, nor an oath nor the threat of punishment such as imprisonment for contempt should be used to compel a man to provide the evidence to accuse or to convict himself. If his crime is a serious one, laborious police work may be required to prove it by other evidence. Sometimes no other evidence can be found. But for about three centuries in the Anglo-American legal system, we have accepted the standard that even then we do not compel the accused to provide that evidence.

"Where matters of a man's belief, or opinions or political views are essential elements in the charge, it may be difficult to get evidence from sources other than the suspected or accused person himself. Hence, the significance of the privilege over the years has perhaps been greatest in connection with resistance to prosecution for such offenses as heresy or political crimes. In these areas the privilege against self-incrimination has been a protection for freedom of thought and a hindrance to any government which might wish to prosecute for thoughts and opinions alone."

Thus Dean Griswold on the Fifth Amendment, and this my inventory of the corrosions which have eaten deeply into the fabric of our society.

Is the damage irreparable? I wish I could answer that question with a ringing and encouraging "No!" That sort of thing is usually expected of a speaker, at this juncture in his address, where, having posed the problem, he now strikes a fine note of optimism and says that if we now put our shoulders to the wheel, we will work our way out of our difficulty, into the bright light of day. (And he usually mixes metaphors quite as atrociously as that.)

A FULL DECADE

But I'm afraid I'm not too optimistic, at least not right at this moment. I have in mind that this period of irrationality has lasted a full decade, compared with the super-patriotic hysteria of the early 1920's—the era of the so-called Palmer raids—which blew itself out in a year or two. Thus, I think, the popular comparison of this period with that one becomes no longer valid. Furthermore, our current hysteria shows few signs of abating, nor is it likely to abate so long as conflict continues between the two mighty and apparently irreconcilable forces in the world. I have even heard it conjectured, by thoughtful people, that we may be entering upon—and may even already have entered upon—an "iron age"—an era in which the emphasis clearly shifts from freedom to security, in which the processes of our freedoms are slowly and gradually chipped away in our all-consuming obsession with security and material opulence.

That may or may not be the case, and I am at least optimistic enough *not* to be prepared to accept the inevitability of it. But if it *is* true, then it portends one of history's greatest tragedies. For never in history has an experiment in freedom been so successful, or so inspiring to humanity, as has the American experiment in freedom. If now we forfeit—even if ever so gradually—that which we and our forefathers fought so hard to gain and to hold, then we will have betrayed them and ourselves, and, in a very real sense, we will have betrayed the entire human race.

I think that people like you and me—and others who deal in the written and the spoken word—we "eggheads," if you please—have an obligation to our country which is as important as our obligation to sustain it in war and in peace. And that obligation is twofold: First, to resist, with all our power, every new attempt to encroach upon the basic liberties of our land—to stand fast, as the Phoenix Public Library Board did a year or so ago, when a fear-ridden vigilante tried to censor and label books; to resist every new attempt to impose a loyalty oath, as a few courageous Arizona teachers managed successfully to do in the legislative session of 1954; to speak out in forceful opposition whenever the damning label of "Communist" is applied simply because some idea—or somebody advocating it—has incurred the disfavor of a small contorted and frightened mind.

CLARIFYING VALUES

Our second obligation, as "eggheads," is to endeavor unceasingly to keep values clarified and sorted out in the complex and precarious era in which we live. I think we constantly must vouchsafe the reminder, to any and all who will listen to us, that there is no such thing as absolute security (short of the police state) any more than there is absolute freedom (short of anarchy). Yes, of course, we must combat communism, both within and without. We must remain armed, and we must protect ourselves against subversion. But a finer and more healthful balance needs to be—and can be—restored as between the two transcendant considerations—security and freedom—or, in our obsession for security, we will lose the very thing we are trying to secure.

I remember the cogent words of Bishop Bernard J. Sheil, founder and director of the Catholic Youth Organization, in his denunciation of Senator McCarthy. I think that denunciation had as much to do with the downfall of McCarthy, along with Ed Murrow's straight-faced expose of the McCarthy methods, as any other single development. And it probably should be noted that Bishop Sheil paid a stiff price for his folly, for he was penalized by his own church, presumably at the instance of powerful pro-McCarthy forces within it. But long after we have forgotten Bishop Sheil and the punishment he had to endure for saying what was in his mind and his heart—and long after we have forgotten McCarthy—we will remember the words of Bishop Sheil:

"If we throw our values away—and I am referring," he said, "to our traditions of innocent-until-proved-guilty, I am referring to our concern for *means* as well as ends, I am referring to our trust in our basic institutions—then we will be left with our anti-Communism, but very little else. An America where the accused is guilty until he is proved innocent, where means don't matter but only ends, an America which has lost faith in the integrity of the government, the Army, the schools, the churches, the labor unions, press, and most of all an America whose citizens have lost faith in each other—*such* an America would not need to bother about being anti-Communist; it would have nothing to lose."

FEARLESS LEADERS

So spoke Bishop Sheil, a bold and fearless man. And we need—we desperately need—more of his bold and fearless kind in our land today. We need more of his kind, to speak up, without counting the immediate consequences, and remind us of several things: First, that freedom is indivisible—and we cannot safeguard the freedom to read without at the same time safeguarding the freedom to speak and to advocate and to think, even if that means speaking, advocating, and thinking things which are unpopular and unorthodox. Secondly, that—as Francis Biddle has said—freedom and fear cannot live together in the same community on equal terms. "The impulse to freedom is essentially tolerant, rational and mature—" as Mr. Biddle again puts it. "The form of fear tends to persecution, hatred and violence. The instinct to self-preservation soon becomes the urge to destruction." And finally, we need to be reminded, over and over again, that freedom is a dangerous way of life. It was dangerous when our forefathers, at incalculable risk to themselves and their families, made their historic revolution, and it is dangerous now as we strive to protect and preserve the precious things which were inherent in that revolution. But freedom, along with being dangerous, is an exhilarating and thrilling way of life, while security—absolute security—is stifling and stultifying.

Various men have expressed that sentiment in various ways. Elmer Davis uses these challenging words: "This republic was not established by cowards; and cowards will not preserve it." And Benjamin Franklin said, "They that can give up essential liberty to obtain a little temporary safety, deserve neither liberty nor safety."

But I especially like the words used by Gerald W. Johnson to close his book, *This American People*. And this is what he said: "Whether enough of us are worthy of our inheritance remains to be seen, but some are; and for the high-hearted successor of the men of old there is wonder in being American, for the bold man there is delight."

Philadelphia celebrating Franklin anniversary

As PART of the city-wide celebration of one of Philadelphia's most notable hometown sons, the *Bulletin* of the Special Libraries Council of Philadelphia and vicinity devoted its November 1955 issue to commemorating the 250th anniversary of Benjamin Franklin. The special issue contains accounts of two libraries which Franklin and his friends started, the Library Company of Philadelphia, and the Library of the American Philosophical Society, as well as the Franklin Institute Library.